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AN
ABSTRACT

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of a Letter from a Bishop of
this Land sent to —.

A Copie for the rest.

THis Earthly Moone the Church,
hath her fulls and wainings, and some-
times her Eclipses, whilst the sha-
dow of this sinfull masse hides her beaury
from the world. Whilst she wadeth in this
planitary World it should be vaine to expect
better. It is enough when she is fixed above,
to be free from all change. Shee is not yet
in the full of her glory. Goodnesse repulsed
gives height to sinne; therefore have we bin
worse then our Predecessours, because wee
might have been better; because there was ne-
ver more light of knowledge. Turne over all
Records, and Pararell such helpes, such care,
such cost; such expectation, with such fruits;
yet this censure is not confined to, our Sees;

A

and

and I joy not in this large society, would God we were evill alone; where shall a man mewe up himselfe, that he may not be a witnesse of what he would not. They are rare hands, that are free either from aspersions of blood, or spots of filthinesse, close Atheisme, secret Idolatry, unmercifull oppression, greedy covetousnesse, symoniacall sacriledge, bloody treachery, hypocriticall fashionablenesse, have spread themselves; the Sun of peace looking upon our uncleane heape, hath bred these Monsters, and hath given light to this brood of darkenesse. If any insult in my confession, tell him that I account these the greatest part of our evill, who knowes not that as the Earth is the dregs of the world, so *Italy* is the dregs of the Earth. *Rome of Italy*? and who doth not confesse to finde such as our Paradise is grievous. Let them alone that will dye, and hate to be cured. Oh that remedies were as easie, as complaints against us; that we could be as soone cleared as convinced, that the taking of the Medicine were but so difficult as the prescription; and yet nothing hinders us from our health but our will: Neither Gospell, nor grace, nor glory, are shut up, onely our hearts are not open; yet the secure, and perverse, must breake. If they bowe not, what should be done then? Except we would faine sinart, each man amend one, and we all live.

Let

(3)

*Let us each of us, pull out one brand of this fire,
and the flame will goe out alone. Till then, alas
what availes it to talke whilst every man cen-
sures, and none of us amend, though our care
begin at our selves it may not end there. Ob
yea Sonnes of Levi, gather to your Moses in the
gate of the Campe; Consecrate your hands to
God, and sound forth your voice like a Trum-
pet. Cry downe sinne in earnest, and thunder
out of that sacred chaire of Moses, and let
your lives speake yet louder. Thus as one that
delights more in amendment than excuse, I
have both censured and directed. So judge of
my severe taxation. It shall be happy for us,
if we can at once excuse and diminish,
accuse and redresse iniquity. Let
but the endeavour be ours,
the successe to
God.*

FINIS.
